

The Bourbon News.

SWIFT CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS, - - - KENTUCKY.

"BILL."

He wasn't purty-nary bit! the wrinkle in his hand o' Time. Had written strange devices in the tan and powder grime; But prospectin' his character, there'd crop out everywhere Rich streaks o' golden placer that you'd never dreamed was there.

And, spite of all his homeliness, somehow his rugged face Jest seemed to brace a feller up and give 'im savin' grace. When times was hard and grub was high an' the colors far between, And into the starving miner's life there widened the streak of lean!

There widened the streak o' poverty when all o' the world was blue; When shovel an' pan were red with rust, with nothing at all to do; I don't jest savvy the way of it—and I reckon I never will— That I somehow failed to appreciate the worth of my pardner, Bill.

It's shorely hard to understand the ways o' the human mind, For we grow indifferent-like to gold, the more o' the stuff we find. 'Twas so with me; I'd lived so long with old Bill at my side That I never jest knew the worth of him till my pardner up an' died.

"Good-by, old man!" he says, says he, a-lookin' toward the skies— The light o' new discovery a-shinin' in his eyes. "I see across the great divide, an' like a golden flame, I catch the gleam an' glitter of my everlasting claim!"

An' then he died—my pardner Bill. There wasn't no better Bill! An' I know he washes gravel on the everlasting hills— The golden sand in the Stream o' Life— A hundred to the pan! For the Lord won't play him low down, 'cause my pardner was a man!

For fifty years o' storm an' sun Bill's blanket has been mine; And his friendship never broke a strand, though it stretched from '49. He loved me! which the same is mighty comfortin' to me. For I know my pardner's grub-staked for a long eternity! —San Francisco Bulletin.

MYSTERIOUS MISS DACRES

By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Don't keep me long," said Miss Dacres. "I haven't any sewing, and I don't talk gossip. I'm very busy writing a treatise on the best method to nurse typhoid. I hold that—"

"Do you know anything about rheumatic cramps?" asked I.

"Well, I should smile, rather—I mean, of course I do. Rheumatic cramps are my specialty. Why, have you got 'em?"

"No," said I. "I have not, but my aunt—however, that is neither here nor there. What I have to say to you will preclude the possibility of—but come into the parlor," and I led the way to the room in front of the dining room. I opened the door and groped my way across the room by the light that came from the hall. I threw up the window and pushed open the blind.

"Smells stuffy, don't it?" remarked Miss Dacres.

"That's because it hasn't been opened for some weeks. My aunt is a confirmed invalid and I have too much to do to sit in the parlor and play lady. When I have any sewing to do I take it out on the piazza, and there I— Sit down," said I, suddenly breaking off.

The invitation was superfluous, as Miss Dacres had seated herself wearily in the best stuffed rocker, and laid her head back against the clean tidy. However, what she had told me about her hair had made me easy in my mind as to that. I saw as I looked at her that her eyes were closed, and I really thought she would drop off to sleep.

"Are you so tired," said I, "that you cannot listen to me for a moment?"

"I don't know what's the matter with me," she answered. "I never was so tired in all my life. I'm awfully nervous. I suppose that last case wore me out. He couldn't have anybody but me—took a fancy to me, I suppose. It's real sad after you've nursed a person for weeks to see him die. You get so kind of attached—gracious! how I worked over that old man."

"Did—did he leave you anything for all that nursing?" asked I, forgetting for the moment the object of our coming into the parlor.

"No," she said, "he didn't—nothing but some pretty bad thoughts. It's those I'm trying to get rid of here, and I hope you won't allude to the subject until I'm stronger. I'll tell you all about it later. Perhaps in a few weeks I shall feel equal to the strain. I—"

"I'm afraid you and I shall part company before a few weeks are over," said I; "in fact, that is what I asked you to come in here about this morning."

I saw the deep color creep up under her pallid skin as I said these words. Her eyelids trembled, and I felt almost sorry for her.

"Will you tell me why?" she asked in a low voice. "Tell me at once please. Have you heard—have I done anything? You said yesterday that I might come. It seemed such a rest to me, such an ideal home, and now you want to—"

ceeded thus far with almost passion in her voice, now she dropped back to her old, quiet tone, saying, "Give me your reasons."

"I saw your meeting last night," she sat up, opened her eyes, and laughed. "Oh, is that all? My meeting with Waldemar. That wasn't anything. Why, he's my brother. He's employed in an automobile factory, Waldemar. Mother sent out my slippers by him. She knew how careless I am, and—"

"How did he make himself known to you?" said I severely. "How did he know where you were?"

"Well, as to that, I could as well make my whereabouts known to my own brother as to anyone else, I suppose. We rode out here last week on our wheels, Waldemar and I. He can't get out until the day class in learning have got through. So we generally go out in the evening about six o'clock. We rode past your house, and I told Waldemar that if I went into the country to stay, it should be here. I told him, too, that I was coming out yesterday to see if you could take me in, and if I wasn't back at tea time, to ask mother to send out my slippers. They're awfully good to me, mother and Waldemar, and Jim was until he—went away." The girl's face flushed, her eyes grew moist, and I began to repent me somewhat of my suspicions. "However," she resumed, "since you seem to have these suspicions of me, and as my trunks have not come, I suppose I had better go. Perhaps I can find some place farther out in the country. Oh, dear! It's awfully hard, just as the apple blossoms are coming on. I see you've got lots of 'em in the side yard. Well, there is not much to pack, and I'll—"

"I don't want to turn you out," said I. "Certainly you must stay until I have worked out your week's board."

"Oh, no," said she, "I don't think that at all. Perhaps you had better give me back the amount that I have paid for my meals, but rooms are always paid for in advance, I believe, and I must lose that, I suppose. I can ill afford to." She sighed.

"You can stay your week out," said I. Where was I to get the five dollars that she had paid me for her meals? Perhaps when the other new boarder came, I might get it from him in advance, and pay her and let her go, but it seemed as if the question must be settled, now we had begun to argue it out. Why had I not had a little more prudence, a little more forethought? Had I waited a few hours, the lower-back would have arrived, and out of his advance payment I could have reimbursed her for what I had taken.

"If I were sure he was your brother," said I.

"What if he isn't? We didn't do anything wrong, did we? I just talked with him about fifteen minutes in front of your gate in the bright moonlight. But it was Waldemar. That I'll swear. I've half a mind to ask you to go to town and see mother to-day, since you are so suspicious; but no, I won't. I feel really insulted that you should suspect me so. A poor tired nurse, who is worn out in taking care of sick people; and I think I'll go anyway."

"Very well," said I, "perhaps it is better, but before you go, please wait a moment to see me. You know you gave me last night four bills, two fives, one one-hundred note, and a fifty-dollar bill. Did you know it?"

"Oh, yes," said she. "Of course I did. See how I trusted you, and you are suspicious of me just because my brother comes out from town."



THE KEY BROKE OFF IN THE LOCK.

With a pair of old slippers for me. Well, I'll go and pack, and when I'm ready I'll whistle up the stairs."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed I, "not for worlds! My aunt would be horrified. Please sit quietly here in the hall while I go and get it."

I intended asking Aunt Jane Mary for the extra five dollars. Shame compels me to confess that I intended to let my boarder lose the money paid in advance for the room. I could do nothing else. Such are the pleasures of adversity.

"I may as well be packing," said she. "The truth of the matter is, I thought the money would be safer with you than with me sleeping on the lower floor, and all—"

I was upstairs before she finished her sentence and in my room. I took the keys from my pocket and fitted them in the lock. It stuck for a moment—it never had before—and I pushed it rather roughly. I turned the key with such force that it broke off in the lock.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do?" I cried.

"What's the matter, Sophronia?" It was Aunt Jane Mary's voice. My door was open and so was hers.

"I've broken the key off in the lock of my desk."

I ran across the hall as I said these words.

"I don't know of anything that is more exactly like you," was Aunt Jane Mary's kindly comment. "Well, what's in the desk?"

"The market-book and the money," she said.

"What money?"

"The money the new boarder gave me to keep for her."

"Well, can't you keep it as well with the key broken off as with it whole? I should think it was safer so than the other way."

"Yes, it is," I faltered, "but she wants it."

"What for?"

"She's going."

"What! The new boarder going? The boarder who only came yesterday! What have you done to her, Sophronia?"

"I haven't done anything," said I, half crying—"at least I've done everything. I've been as kind as kind could be, but I leave it to you, Aunt Jane Mary, if we can harbor a person in the house who gets up at all hours of the night to see men, and who—"

"It was my brother," The voice came from the door-way.

Aunt Jane Mary gave a scream. She hated to be caught looking as she did at that moment.

"Go downstairs," said I. "Go down! Go downstairs, she'll have a fit."

"I'll cure her," said the boarder.

Aunt Jane Mary's jaw worked convulsively. The new boarder approached the bed.

"There! There!" she said soothingly. She took Aunt Jane Mary's hand in one of hers and smoothed it with the other. I have thought since that she must have possessed hypnotic power. "I've seen worse looking people than you in my profession—not much, though," she said, turning to me. "Now, now. There! There!" She stroked Aunt Jane Mary's arm with her thin brown hand as she spoke. "There! You'll be all right presently. There! Are you feeling better? Run down to my room—she turned to me—"and open that little black bag that sets on the table, and bring me that bottle of pale yellow liquid. Get a tumbler and spoon as you come past the dining-room and some water. Oh! You have water here. Go quickly! There! There! Where is the pain?"

Aunt Jane Mary, who loved to be made much of, lay as quiet as a mouse.

Instinctively I obeyed, and running swiftly down the stairs, I got the bottle, spoon, and glass, and returned to the upper chamber. As I came in the door, Miss Dacres was lifting Aunt Jane Mary up on her pillows with the tenderness required by a serious case. Then she resumed the stroking of her arm, with the soothing "There! There!" which seemed a part of her trade. To my astonishment, Aunt Jane Mary allowed her to drop a few globules of the pale yellow liquid in a glass half-full of water and give it to her. Then the soothing in the way of stroking and words continued, and Aunt Jane Mary had soon dropped off into a natural slumber.

Miss Dacres gently disengaged herself and went quietly down the stairs. I followed slowly after.

"You can't go until afternoon," said I; "the key's broken off in the lock, and I can't get at your money."

"Can't some one round here pick a lock?"

"I'm afraid not," said I. "There is no one nearer than the village. I am going down there by and by, and I will get the locksmith to come up."

"I'll go down on my wheel," said she.

"No," said I, suspecting something. I knew not what from her readiness, "I will go myself. You don't know where the locksmith lives, and I want—"

"I could ask, I suppose. The place isn't so all-fired big—I mean, the village is not a place of such magnificent distances—that—"

"No," said I, "but I wish to see the people at the store, and get some stamps at the post office, and I may as well see to it myself."

"Very well," said she, turning away stiffly into her room. "Perhaps, after all, as you're the one to be benefited you had better do the walking."

This was so entirely what I should have to do that I smiled faintly. I looked in at her door, and saw that the work was yet for me to do.

"I must make that bed first, I suppose," said I, with a sigh.

"Oh, no, you needn't; I'll make the bed; just as lief as not. Besides, as I am going, and you'll have to put on clean sheets for the next corner, perhaps I'd better leave it as it is."

"I can't bear to think of it," said I. "I never left a room like that after nine o'clock in the morning."

"Your rooms don't get much airing that way, do they?" said she. This gave me something to think of. "Just go along and don't bother," she added. "I'll make the bed." And I went.

When I had walked about a quarter of a mile I suddenly remembered my sunshade, which I wanted mended at the village store. I turned about and walked quickly backward. As I went swiftly towards the house, I raised my eyes to the window of my room. A woman was standing there, examining something which she held in her hands. What it was I could not tell. I came towards the house as fast as I could, and as I got near the gate I raised my eyes again, but there was no one in the room, at least not at the window. When I came up the steps I found Miss Dacres' room-door was closed. I opened it unceremoniously. There she was, pulling and stretching the sheets, patting them in place—in fact, going through with all the mo-

tions of making a bed in the most approved manner.

"Who was that in my room just now?" said I.

"How do I know?" she answered shortly.

"Were you up there?"

Miss Dacres stopped her bedmaking and stood upright. "I declare!" said she. "I think you are the most suspicious person I ever saw. I'm glad I'm going. Why should I go into your room? What should I get there? Not much, I should think, from—"

"She stopped short. She meant, I think, from my appearance. "You needn't flush up so. You've insulted me more than a thousand times since I came into this house, and as soon as I get my money I'm going out of here, if I have to walk back to town."

"Haven't you been upstairs?" asked I again, scrutinizing her narrowly.

"Yes," she admitted, "I have been upstairs, but only to see how your aunt is getting on. She wanted some breakfast, and I'm getting it for her."

"And you were not in my room?"

"No! No! No!" said she, "and no again. What should I want but my own money, and that, apparently, I can't get. Why shouldn't I be suspicious of you? It's probably that woman out there in the kitchen."

"What woman?"

"You'd better ask her. How should I know?" With this short answer Miss Dacres returned to her bedmaking, and I went up the stairs. All was apparently as I had left it. The key was still in the lock, still broken off, still stuck so that it could not be moved one way or the other. Aunt Jane Mary was sleeping as if she were dead. So I descended rapidly and ran out to the kitchen. Glorianna Tower was sitting by the stove. She was holding in her hand a spoon, with which she occasionally stirred something which was heating in a pan.

"What are you doing, Glorianna?" asked I.

"A-stirring the posset," said she, without looking up.

"So I see. What were you doing in my room just now?"

"Declare to God I hain't—"

"Stop," said I, "we don't use such language here. Answer me without prevarication. What were you doing in my room?"

"Only come jess as you left the gate—come across the back pasture," said Glorianna. "Hain't done a thing but set here an' stir as she told me. She was coming downstairs as I come in the back-hall door."

"Who?"

"That stranger. Said she'd be up to see your aunt. She got the things outen the closet an' set me to stir this mess."

"Have you seen Baldwin?" I asked.

"Should think so," said Glorianna, a smile breaking out over her sharp features. She glanced towards the corner. There across a chair hung a cowhide. It looked useless enough, at present, but I could imagine its possibilities in the hands of the wiry little woman.

"How long are you going to remain?"

"Tell Baldy comes home 'long er me."

I sank down into a chair, hopeless. Then I must either harbor this little fiend of a person or lose Baldy Tower, my prop and stay.

[To Be Continued.]

MICROCOSMOS.

Sapient Sayings Regarding Some of the Shortcomings of Men and Women.

It is rather harder to be petty out doors; there is so much breadth all around, writes Dorothy Moore, in Century.

Do I believe in chaperonage? Yes for my boy!

It won't do to be only partially a lady.

Comets are probably male: their eccentricities can be computed.

The most uninteresting person in the world is he who is interested in everything equally.

There is more joy over one sinner who makes up a quorum than over the ninety and nine who come regularly.

Before giving one's life to a cause it is well to be sure that the gift is of some value.

I never knew a man to object to any sphere for a woman that had him for the hub.

To observe the habits of an echinoderm—that is science. To do the same thing for a man—that is only fiction.

Temperament covers a multitude of sins.

It is queer how much tyranny slip shod people discover.

Life happens to some folks only in novels.

If mere ideas are not truth, they are at least the cloth of which it is made.

Nothing worries a woman so much as not to belong to things.

Two Sinners.

"It is very wrong to tell a false hood," said his mother to little Jimmie, who had caught him in one.

"Then we're both offal sinners, ain't we maw?" queried Jimmie.

"Both! What do you mean?"

"Why, you told Missus Smith yesterday that you hoped she'd call again, an' after she was gone you said you wished she'd never come again."—Ohio State Journal.

Plain.

Parke—After all, sir, the extreme simplicity of our American institutions must commend itself to every one.

Lane—I know it. Half the time we're without a cook.—Harper's Es-

THE PACIFIC CABLE.

A Message Received From the Steam-er Silvertown.

San Francisco Dec. 18.—The following message was received from the cable ship Silvertown, dated noon Wednesday:

"Four hundred and fifty-five knots (525 miles) from shore and proceeding at a speed of eight knots. The terrific seas that had swept the decks for 24 hours subsided considerably at midnight. There is a heavy swell on to-day, but the weather is partly clear and pleasant. The indications are for better weather and calmer seas."

These few lines are all that have been received from the cable ship Wednesday. The Silvertown started from her anchorage six miles off this port at 12 o'clock on Monday morning on her way to Honolulu and to-day's report shows that the vessel has averaged more than 7½ knots (about 8.65 miles) an hour since her departure. At the same rate it will require nine days more to lay the remaining 1,870 miles to Honolulu. On this basis the Silvertown should reach Hawaii at noon Friday, December 26.

PLAGUE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

British Columbia Quarantine Officers Warned.

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 18.—Dr. Fagan, secretary of the British Columbia board of health, has sent the following letter to all officials of the province board of health:

"I enclose regulations regard plague. I do so because of the increase of plague in San Francisco. From March, 1900, to November 5, 1902, there have been 89 deaths from plague in San Francisco. Sixteen of these have occurred since September 9, of this year."

Dr. Fagan has also warned all quarantine officers to be on active guard. A close inspection will be made on steamers arriving from San Francisco.

CIVIL SERVICE LAW.

Bill Amending It Introduced in the House of Representatives.

Washington, Dec. 17.—Senator Sinnett (W. Va.) Tuesday introduced a bill for an amendment of the civil service law. It provides that all persons employed in the classified service shall serve for a term of six years, and that after the expiration of their term they shall be eligible to another term of six years only. Railroad mail clerks are exempted, and provision is made for their permanent employment. The bill also provides that the classified service shall include only persons whose salaries range from \$300 to \$1,800.

WANTS A SETTLEMENT.

Peruvian Government Presented With a Bill For \$16,071,940.

Lima, Peru, Dec. 18.—The French legation here presented to the Peruvian government on November 8, of this year, a claim for \$16,071,940 in favor of the Dreyfus Bros., of Paris, in accordance with the finding of the Lausanne court of arbitration. Up to the present time the government has made no reply to the presentation of this claim, and it is probable that the French legation Thursday will reiterate its request for a settlement.

Will Pay in Silver.

Washington, Dec. 18.—Unofficial advices have reached here that China intends to pay the next installment of the Boxer indemnity in silver. The reports indicate that China is driven to this course by the fact that all of her revenues are payable in silver and the great internal financial strain makes it impossible to obtain gold.

Cornelius Vanderbilt's Condition.

Newport, R. I., Dec. 18.—A message received here from New York Wednesday stated that the condition of Cornelius Vanderbilt was serious owing to weakness of his heart. His brother, Reginald, Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt and Miss Kathleen Neilson, who is betrothed to Reginald Vanderbilt, will return to New York Thursday morning.

Rivers at Flood Tide.

Huntington, W. Va., Dec. 18.—The Twelve Pole and Guyandotte rivers are now at flood tide, and putting out millions of cross-ties and thousands of logs daily. No loss has occurred, the rise being so gradual that the booms have proved secure. Crane & Co., of Cincinnati, have control of the largest portion of the output.

Baptist Minister Killed.

Decatur, Ala., Dec. 18.—Rev. S. A. Archer, a Baptist minister, was killed by Casey Holland, a young farmer living near here. The two quarreled over a load of wood and Holland struck Archer over the head with a stick of wood, breaking his skull and causing death in a few hours. Holland made his escape.

Largest Locomotives in the World.

Topeka, Kan., Dec. 18.—The Santa Fe has made arrangements to sell to the Northern Pacific its three enormous Decapod locomotives—the largest in the world. The locomotives did not prove satisfactory for mountain service.

To Suppress the Boll Weevil.

Dallas, Tex., Dec. 18.—The convention which was called by the Dallas Commercial club for the discussion of means of ridding the south of the boll weevil pest was convened here Wednesday.

THE HOME GOLD CURE.

An Ingenious Treatment by which Drunkards are Being Cured Daily in Spite of Them-selves.

No Noxious Doses. No Weakening of the Nerves. A Pleasant and Positive Cure for the Liquor Habit.

It is now generally known and understood that Drunkenness is a disease and not weakness. A body filled with poison, and nerves completely shattered by periodical or constant use of intoxicating liquors, requires an antidote capable of neutralizing and eradicating this poison, and destroying the craving for intoxicants. Sufferers may now cure themselves at home without publicity or loss of time from business by this wonderful "HOME GOLD CURE" which has been perfected after many years of close study and treatment of inebriates. The faithful use according to directions of this wonderful discovery is positively guaranteed to cure the most obstinate case, no matter how hard a drinker. Our records show the marvelous transformation of thousands of Drunkards into sober, industrious and upright men.

WIVES CURE YOUR HUSBANDS!

CHILDREN CURE YOUR FATHERS! This remedy is in no sense a nostrum but a specific for this disease only, and is so skillfully devised and prepared that it is thoroughly soluble and pleasant to taste, so that it can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it. Thousands of Drunkards have cured themselves with this priceless remedy, and as many more have been cured and made temperate men by having the "CURE" administered by loving friends and relatives without their knowledge in coffee or tea, and believe today that they discovered drinking of their own free will. DO NOT WAIT. Do not be discouraged by apparent and misleading "improvement." Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "HOME GOLD CURE" is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, thus placing within reach of everybody a treatment more effectual than the others costing \$25 to \$50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians when requested without extra charge. Sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. B 612 EDWIN B. GILES & CO., 2330 and 2332 Market Street, Philadelphia. All correspondence strictly confidential.

The Burlington's New Fast Denver Train.

Its "Nebraska-Colorado Express," now leaves St. Louis 2:15 p. m., arrives at Denver 8:15 p. m. next day—three hours quicker.

Travelers arriving at St. Louis in the morning have a half day for business or visiting in the World's Fair City; at 8:15 p. m. next day they are in Denver with the afternoon in the city, before leaving for the Coast via Scenic Colorado. No other through train to Denver offers such a remarkably convenient schedule.

TO THE NORTHWEST.

"The Burlington-Northern Pacific Express" is the great daily through train to St. Louis and Kansas City, Montana, Washington, Tacoma, Seattle, Portland.

TO THE WEST.

The Burlington runs the best equipped trains to Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Denver. Write us of your preferred trip and let us advise you the least cost, send your printed matter, free, etc.

W. M. Shaw, D. P. A., 406 Vine-street, Cincinnati, O.

L. W. Welsley, Gen'l Pass Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Howard Elliott, General Manager, St. Louis, Mo.

SEND 32 cents and get a full, free trial of Wilson's Morphine Cure. Tested for 14 years and always successful. Send to CORP. WILSON, Calvert, Texas. (31jan-tf)

To Cure A Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Crow's signature on each box. 35c. (126-1yr)

Travelers to California

Naturally desire to see the grandest and most impressive scenery en route. This you will do by selecting the Denver & Rio Grande and Rio Grande Western, "The Scenic Line of the World," and "The Great Salt Lake Route," in one or both directions, as this line has two separate routes across the Rocky Mountains between Denver and Ogden. Tickets reading via this route are available either via its main line through the Royal Gorge, Leadville, over Tennessee Pass, through the Canon of the Grand River and Glenwood Springs or via the line over Marshall Pass and through the Black Canon of the Gunnison, thus enabling the traveler to see one of the above routes going and the other returning. Three splendidly equipped fast trains are operated to and from the Pacific Coast, which carry through standard sleepers daily between Chicago, St. Louis, Denver and San Francisco. Dining car (service a la carte) on all through trains. If you contemplate such a trip, let us send you beautifully illustrated pamphlets, free. S. K. Hooper, G. P. & T. A., Denver, Col. (18mar-tf)

WHERE TO STOP.—When in Lexington,

the place to stop is at the Reed Hotel. It is headquarters for Paris and Bourbon county people, and is under the management of genial James Connors, formerly of the Fordham Hotel, in this city. The house is heated by steam, and the table is at all times supplied with the best the market affords. Make it your home. 14jan-tf

FOR 28 cents in stamps, you can get a free trial of Wilson's Tobacco Cure. Has cured thousands.

CORP. WILSON, Calvert, Texas.

TALK to T. Porter Smith about the